

THE MADISONIAN.

WASHINGTON CITY.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, 1845.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The undersigned announces to the readers of the Madisonian, that he has disposed of the entire establishment to JESSE E. DOW, Esq., a gentleman of established reputation both in the literary and political circles of the country. Mr. D. will also, we understand, be aided by several gentlemen of the most distinguished abilities; and we have sufficient assurance that the paper, under such auspices, will give entire satisfaction to the Administration, and to the great Republican party.

The undersigned has likewise sold to Mr. Dow all the debts due from subscribers, and payment will be made to him alone.

The debts due for advertising, and for jobs, the undersigned has reserved; and he desires that payment be made to Mr. L. A. Goblright, his duly authorized agent, who will also settle all demands that may be presented against the undersigned.

J. B. JONES.

Washington City, April 7, 1845.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In assuming the duties and responsibilities of conducting a Democratic paper at the seat of our National Government, a few words of explanation as to the principles and policy by which it will be governed, may not be considered improper, or unnecessary.

In a Constitutional Republican Government like ours, the remedy, the peaceful, just and efficient remedy for all political evils, is in the hands of the People. They make the Government—from their consent, all its just powers are derived; and when that consent is directed by minds, universally educated and intelligent, then, and not till then, is there effectual and permanent security for either the State or the People.

We assume the position that intelligence is the life of Liberty; that an ignorant People cannot long continue a FREE People; thus believing, the conductors of this paper will devote their best energies to the diffusion of useful knowledge and to the cause of universal education; it is with them a question of paramount and all-controlling importance, and no effort shall be wanting on their part to awaken the public mind to a sense of the imperative obligation which exists, of educating every child in the land. It is a measure which we believe to be indispensable necessary to the perpetuity of our free institutions, and its earnest advocacy will constitute an important feature in the future character of our journal.

The conductors of the new paper about to be established here, having long been connected with the public press, in different sections of the Union, a full knowledge of their capacity and fitness for the undertaking in which they are about to engage, is already with the People. Of themselves they take leave to say, that the principles of the Democratic faith, which with them have passed the ordeal of years of thought and study, have daily grown clearer and stronger, more permanently rooted in the mind and heart—and the paper they are about to publish, is but the continuation of an effort, to which the best years of their whole lives have been devoted. For the future, then, they have the highest satisfaction in appealing to the past—for that they have neither explanations to make, nor apologies to offer.

We consider government, in this country at least, as designed to be the agent of the people;—that it was intended always to be the servant of the People; never their master, nor their benefactor; that being instituted for the equal benefit and protection of all, it has no special privileges to confer on any; that the protection it affords should be general, not partial—universal, not special—uniform, not discriminating; to all individuals, not to classes and distinctive interests; and that whenever it confers special privilege, or special protection, on any individual, or class of individuals, it becomes an usurper, producing positive wrong and injustice to society. All the protection we should ask from Government, is protection against lawless aggression, not against fair and honorable competition.

We have high and revered authority for saying, "there are no necessary evils in Government." Whatever political or social wrongs the People suffer, result from ignorance, or from a departure from the plain and practical principles we have already presented. We shall, therefore, feel imperatively called upon to oppose unequal laws which confer special privileges, with our undivided strength. We shall insist upon an absolute and unconditional abandonment of all inequality in legislation—the repeal of all laws sanctioning oppressive monopolies, and the practical disapprobation of all usages which uphold usurpations of political power.

Maintaining these great doctrines, promulgated by a JEFFERSON and practised by a JACKSON, we are fully prepared to defend them at all risks and at every hazard. They are interwoven with every fibre of our hearts, and we shall devote our best energies in their universal diffusion and approbation.

Thus far we have spoken, and at greater length than we could have desired, of what we intend shall be the EDITORIAL character of our paper. With us the political rights of all are equal; we are the advocates of equal laws, equal burdens, and equal benefits; equal means of acquiring wealth and equal protection to property and persons. Not to fatigue the patience of the reader further, we pledge ourselves to use our best efforts to make our paper all that its warmest friends shall desire. It may be that we hope for a larger patronage than we shall deserve—but if each of our literary and political contributors shall do all we have perfect confidence to expect they will be able to accomplish in our behalf, we shall strive to deserve more than we even dare to hope.

We respectfully ask the attention of the public to the following prospectus:

PROSPECTUS.

For publishing, in the City of Washington, a new daily, semi-weekly, and weekly, Democratic Republican paper, to be entitled

THE CONSTELLATION.

By JESSE E. DOW & Co.

The first number of our new paper will be issued on the first day of May next, with an entire new dress—new type, fine white paper, with other important alterations and improvements. The paper will be devoted to a fearless exposition of Democratic principles; it will zealously and unflinchingly oppose

each and every effort to establish a mammoth monopoly bank and other mischievous corporations and consolidations of wealth, which subvert the rights of the people and undermine the pillars of the Republic; it will oppose an oppressive and anti-republican tariff system, the assumption of the State debts by the General Government, and all other federal principles which have no inevitable tendency to destroy public prosperity as well as individual happiness. Against all such political delusions, we shall wage unflinching, uncompromising war.

The FARMER and the MECHANIC who produce all the real capital of the nation, will find in our paper an unwavering champion of their indelible rights; the long cherished principles of the editors are too well known to the public to require any pledge upon this point. To the Miscellaneous Department particular attention will be devoted; the Ladies will always find in our columns a choice selection from the current literature of the day, as well as original contributions from the most talented writers of which our country can boast. A general summary of Foreign and Domestic news will be furnished. The conductors have already secured the aid and co-operation of a large number of the most distinguished literary and political writers of the day; arrangements will also be made, at the earliest period possible, to embellish our columns by the contributions of correspondents from abroad. With this brief and imperfect outline of our plan, we respectfully submit our claims to an extensive patronage to the consideration of a generous public.

THEOPHILUS FISK, } EDITORS.
JESSE E. DOW, }

TERMS.

Daily paper by the year, in advance, \$10 00
for less than a year, \$1 per month.
Semi Weekly paper by the year, in advance, \$5 00
for less than a year, 50 cts.
per month.

Weekly paper by the year, in advance, \$2 00
for six months, \$1 00.

Subscriptions to the Daily for less than two, to the Semi-Weekly for less than four, or to the Weekly for less than six months, will not be received.

If not paid within the month, the Daily paper will be \$12, the Semi-Weekly \$6, and the Weekly \$3 50 a year.

Subscribers may discontinue their papers at any time by paying for the time they have received them; but not without.

Those who subscribe for a year, and do not, at the time of subscribing, order a discontinuance at the end of it, will be considered subscribers until they order the paper to be stopped, and pay arrears.

PRICES FOR ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines or less, three insertions, \$1 00
Every additional insertion, 25 cts.
Business Cards will be conspicuously inserted for one year, including paper, for \$15.

Longer advertisements charged in proportion.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

All payments to be made in advance. Those who have not an opportunity of paying otherwise, may remit by mail, at our risk, post-paid. The Postmaster's certificate of such remittance shall be a sufficient receipt therefor. The notes of any specie paying bank will be received.

No attention will be given to any order unless the money, or a postmaster's certificate that it has been remitted, accompanies it.

Letters to the Proprietor, charged with postage, will not be taken out of the Post Office.

EDITORS OF NEWSPAPERS.

With whom we exchange will confer a favor by noticing the new arrangement, and copying our Prospectus.

OUR PROSPECTS.

We commence our new undertaking with the most flattering assurances of complete success. We have already by far the largest circulation of any paper published in the District of Columbia, and if the arrangements we are making shall prove successful, of which we entertain no reasonable doubt, we shall have in a few weeks the largest circulation of any Democratic paper in the United States. We shall endeavor to deserve the generous patronage we are sure to receive. To our kind friends throughout the country who have ever taken such a deep interest in our prosperity, we beg leave to say that our prospects for the future were never so completely encouraging before. They will be gratified to learn that they are more so than the most sanguine among them could have dared to hope a few weeks ago.

We take the liberty of sending this number of our paper to several gentlemen whose names are not upon our subscription list, with the hope that they will not only become subscribers themselves, but use their exertions and influence in extending its circulation among their neighbors and friends.

The numerous friends of the President will be gratified to learn, that notwithstanding the arduous duties and perplexing cares of his official station, his health continues to improve. This was remarked particularly by many of those who were at the Presidential mansion on Saturday evening. How he manages to perform so great an amount of labor as he accomplishes every twenty-four hours, is a mystery too deep for our comprehension. He is most justly entitled to the honorable appellation of *Workingman*.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

We take occasion to correct at the earliest period, and in the most positive and emphatic manner, the erroneous impression which seems to have gone abroad, respecting the intentions of the President with regard to removals from office. Our Whig friends are particularly distressed upon this point, in various sections of the country, and by a variety of causes; sometimes their sympathies are enlisted in behalf of the friends of Mr. Van Buren, who, they say, are to be universally proscribed; then it is for the friends of Mr. Cass that their tender emotions are excited; and when the scene changes, and then they are well nigh overwhelmed by the sad anticipation that the friends of Mr. Tyler or of Mr. Calhoun are to be brought to the block, without exception and without hope. We very respectfully beg of them to save themselves all this useless lamentation. That removals will be made, that removals must be made, no one can doubt for a moment; but not because the individual happened to have been a friend of either a Van Buren, Tyler, Calhoun, Cass, Buchanan, Stewart, Johnson, or Woodbury; but because of his having been an opponent of the principles of democracy, or that the republican doctrine of "rotation in office," demands his retirement from the place he occupies. We can assure our friends that this story, which our opposers are so industriously circulating, has no possible foundation in fact. THE PEOPLE will be satisfied that we are correct in our position if they will wait with a proper degree of patience; if removals are hereafter to be made, no one who supported the democratic candidates in 1844 will have cause to fear or complain.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

We have just learned that not a single anti-annexation speech in Congress, with the exception of that of Mr. Rives, has been published in pamphlet form. Were the authors afraid of the judgment of posterity?

MAIL STEAMERS-OF-WAR.

The new Post Office act, authorizing the Postmaster General to contract with American citizens for carrying the United States mail between the United States and foreign countries, and between ports of the United States by sea and the Gulf, in steamers capable of being made into efficient vessels of war at the shortest notice, to be taken into the naval service by the United States in time of war, at an appropriation, opens a wide field for the enlargement and improvement of the means for national defence. The routes from Wilmington to Charleston, and from Mobile to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Galveston, should be put in operation in iron steamers—they being the most secure and lightest of draught—at an early day. We understand the cost will not be greater to the United States than the present service, and then the complaints for failures, on the former route especially, will be heard no more.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS.

We shall devote a portion of our time and attention to the examination of such new works as may be forwarded to our address, and shall endeavor to give them such notice in our columns as their merits demand.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

We are happy to state that during the unavoidable absence of the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, the duties of his high station will be performed by the Hon. JOHN Y. MASON. The important business of that Department could not have been confided to safer hands than those of the present acting Secretary of State.

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

The glorious results of the late Presidential election are not confined, it seems, to our own country; by the late arrivals from Europe, it appears that Great Britain feels its overpowering influence, and is about to govern herself accordingly. The various modifications in her tariff restrictions, proposed by Sir Robert Peel, are to be attributed, in no small degree, to the late overwhelming triumph of the Democracy. How cheering, how inconceivably gratifying, must all this be, to the veteran hero who still lingers at the Hermitage! His cup of glory and joy must be filled to the brim.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

"GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING." We perceive that several of the departments at Washington and elsewhere are publishing public advertisements in papers of very limited circulation, thereby violating the new law of Congress, which comes into operation in a month, or two. This is not what we looked for under the new administration.

We take the above from the New York Herald of Saturday, not for the purpose of endorsing its statement, but merely to add that the Departments, when they ascertain the actual lists of subscribers to each of the Washington papers, will correct any mistakes that may have occurred.

The right instruction of the public mind is a matter of the deepest importance—the illumination of the intellect is the surest foundation of true democracy. To endeavor to elevate every rational soul to the highest point of mental improvement and social excellence, is the paramount duty of the philosopher, the legislator and the divine.

And what are we doing at our colleges and other seminaries of learning, in the way of giving to all our youth a republican education? Are we devoting, as we ought to do, our undivided energies to impress upon the mind of the rising generation, in characters too deep ever to be effaced by all the mutations and trials of after life, the great republican principles of equal rights, equal duties, and equal advantages? What excuse can we leave to the future generations of men, if we longer remain supine, sluggish, and indifferent upon a question of such immense importance?

HON. R. J. WALKER.

The tribute of respect which the people of Texas seem disposed to pay to this unwavering and distinguished champion of annexation, is well deserved. His unflinching exertions, unremitting toil, his bold, honest, straight-forward efforts in that great cause, entitle him to their deepest gratitude. The friends of annexation in this country will, one day or other, prove to him that republics are not always ungrateful.

PROSCRIPTION.

There has been much said and written of late about proscription, and that principally by the Whigs. We have heard of no proscription as yet. It is true proscription has been proscribed *a la* 1840, in a few instances, but we are confident no Democrat who stood the fire of 1844, whether he comes from the field of Bennington or the wilds of Nebraska, need fear the acts of the President of the Young Democracy.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, who has been necessarily absent for a few days, returned to this city on Saturday last. Having made an allusion to this distinguished gentleman, we take the opportunity of quoting the remarks of a highly respectable Whig paper respecting his appointment to office. The candid portion of that party frankly admit his high claims to public consideration and respect.

From the Boston Courier.

MR. BANCROFT IN THE CABINET.—"Mr. Bancroft, the historian of our country, is, it appears, to take a seat in the cabinet. At the moment when we write, the statement comes in a shape more authentic than rumor. We trust it may be true. Mr. Bancroft has shown rare ability whenever he has been in public station, and as he has displayed genius which does his country honor, in his more secluded labors as an author. He is destined, doubtless, to a brilliant career as a statesman. There is an edge on his mind, to cut through the difficulties of active life, as deftly as it divides truth from error in speculation. Of all the New England men, not one could have been selected for the Cabinet, whose elevation would have been either more creditable or more acceptable to the country, than that of Mr. Bancroft."

The above notice comes to us in the New York New World—a paper which, if not strictly independent, is still not in favor of the present administration, and its principles. The remarks on Mr. Bancroft, though subjective, are just; and show, taken in connection with the expressions of opinion from other sources, not strictly local, that the confirmation of Mr. Bancroft as a cabinet officer, would be no local or partisan triumph, but would be acceptable wherever talents and genius are respected. It is believed, indeed, that the temporary opposition encountered by the nomination, and even with the decided triumph, has its origin in the narrow-minded jealousy of northern power and influence felt by certain representatives of southern interests. The same opposition, from the same source, would probably cross the path of any independent member of the

senatorial democracy; but it would be foolish, for it will be conceded, on reflection, by all, that New England must and will have a representative in the councils of the nation; and since that representative must be a democrat, who more fitting for office than one who has a reputation more extended than that of more parties—whose name is destined to live as the historian of his country's greatness—and whose general abilities are very far above mediocrity? Few will have the hardihood to deny that Mr. Bancroft will make a very able officer. To one whose associations are not purely political, who mixes much with the world, and is familiar with the out-door opinions of common sense men, it must be evident that, as a candidate for office, Mr. Bancroft will be as acceptable as any citizen of this section of the confederacy likely to receive an appointment in any event.

ORIGINAL.

SPRING.

By JESSE E. DOW.

Sweetly the blue bird warbles spring
From orchard boughs where blossoms cling,
And soft the sea breeze greets the hours
With music from the land of flowers;
The lilac bush with greenest leaves
From the bland air its strength receives,
And opens to the morning's eye
Its fragrant crown of purple dye.

The forest from its stately head
Shakes off its garland pale and dead,
And like an oriental queen
Puts on its dress of living green;
Its dusky limbs, seen here and there,
Serve but to make its robe more fair;
White flowers of earliest blooming greet
The sun-shine flickering at its feet.

Deep with the tide of melted snows
On its wild way the river goes,
Its trout angler answering shrill
The plough boy's signal on the hill,
When from the school house in the vale
The pedagogue, with visage pale,
Strides forth to save, with rod and rule,
The blackhead of the district school.

The fruit trees blossoming in pride,
Like almond groves on Carmel's side,
Wave in the morning gale, and fling
Their petals on the lap of spring;
The running myrtle twines around
The grave within the burial ground,
Where, startled by affection's tread,
Flits the sweet bird that loves the dead.

How soothing is the time of flowers,
Of humming bees and whispering bowers,
When rosy children seek the wood,
Where the shy partridge trains her brood;
Then ere consumption stops a smile,
And spreads o'er beauty's face a smile,
While nature, from her slumbering bower,
Warns the cold heart and leafless tree.

When the lone winter of the soul
Shall lose its terrible control,
And from its cold embrace the heart,
Like the first flower of spring, shall start;
Oh may the breeze of Eden play
Around it in eternal day,
And cause its sickly bud to bloom
The fairest flower beyond the tomb.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1845.

(ORIGINAL.)

A CRUISE IN THE EAGLE.

BY A REEFER.

My "leave of absence for three months" had expired but a week, when, on calling at the village post office, a yellow document with the Navy Department stamp, was placed in my hand. On opening, I found myself ordered to report in seven days at U. S. frigate Eagle, then fitting out at Brooklyn, New York. She was a crack ship, and I was pleased to be selected as one of her officers.

The novelty of home had worn off; I had ceased to receive all the attentions of a guest, and relapsed into my former situation, as one of the boys of the family, in spite of my assumed dignity and numerous insinuations that they were soon to lose the charming society of an important officer in the United States Navy. But, to tell the truth, I believe they were growing somewhat weary of me. My Munchausen accounts of two years' cruise round the Horn had ceased to elicit the respectful attention of the family, and the only auditor who now manifested the slightest interest in my yarns, was a pretty little black-eyed girl, the chosen playmate of my sister, and her constant companion. Her father was the village physician, a man of some acquirements, and universally beloved. Mary was his only child, her mother had died in giving her birth; the mournful circumstance attached a deeper interest in the Doctor's heart towards his beautiful daughter. And Mary Gray was all sweetness of disposition—a warm heart, filled with the most pleasing sentiments of nature. None associated with her without feeling their hearts warm towards the interesting creature. 'Twas but natural I should love her; and if there was a pang to my feeling on reading my orders a second time, it was the idea of being separated from Mary.

I hurried home and entered the parlor where my mother and sister were seated—neither paid me any attention, as was their habit on my first return home. I noticed this falling off, and secretly rejoiced at the prospects of their respect and attention returning (as I knew it would) when informed that their midshipman was soon to leave them.

A sad parting with my family, a tender adieu from Mary Gray, with a memento of her kind regards, and I was, on the fourth day from the receipt of my orders, on my way to join the Eagle, I arrived in due time, reported to the commanding officer, and once again was an inmate of the steerage, the Midshipman's home, his bed room, parlor and dining apartment. 'Tis the most remarkable part of the ship, without comfort, yet has the happiest occupants. It is the scene of his youth. The steerage officers are a gay, wild, reckless, devil-may-care set, fun and frolic ever uppermost in their thoughts, till the period of their examination draws near, when at intervals they are more sedate and studious. A Midshipman was scarce ever known to be sad, unless put in water and watch, for punishment, and then only with the momentary reflection of the quantity of sleep he was to be deprived of. Blow high or blow low, wet or dry, hot or cold, in danger or out, the steerage is the same helter-skelter, noisy, fun and frolicsome spot.

The gallant Eagle was ready for sea, and on a beautiful Sunday morning in June, when the bells were tolling for the assembly of the church goers, we tripped our anchor and with all sail set, stood out to sea, (leaving crowded battery and tall church spires behind) seeking the deep blue waves of the ocean. There were a few sad faces, many sentimental expressions, and a crowded letter bag on the capstan, containing, doubtless, the last tender adieu of some love-sick swain, who breathed vows of eternal devotion. There was one letter in that bag for Mary Gray.

We passed the Narrows, crossed the bar, dismissed our pilot, and soon old *Nereus* belied his name and sank in the dimness of distance. We were away from the land, and on the wide spread ocean, a clear blue sky above and good westerly breezes propelling us along at 7-6 the hour. Our destination was the Mediterranean, every one on board was delighted with the idea of visiting the Old World, with its classical associations.

It is a glorious feeling to be on board of a fine dash-

ing frigate, well manned and officered; you may indeed feel the force of Byron's sentiment—"Who would have the battle fire, the wreck." A fast ship will make active officers, for the association will naturally bear upon the formation of the young aspirant.

'Tis an axiom, "A dull ship makes dull officers." Who ever took an interest in a dull horse? An interest in a ship is the great requisite in learning the profession of sailors. What service can a slow man-of-war render? None. She can neither flee from a superior force, nor overhaul an equal or inferior. Had "Old Iron Sides" not possessed the sailing qualities for which she is remarkable, Hull would have been escaped from the English fleet, or the Java, Guerriere, Cyane, and Levant been humbled by her broadsides.

The Eagle was indeed a fast ship, well commanded and wholesome man-of-war discipline administered on board. No man inventions of a shallow scribe—no scandalous and unseemly punishments that only serve to irritate and engender disgust. When a man committed an offence, after the lapse of 24 hours, he was punished according to law.

The steerage of the Eagle was composed of twenty various characters, free from care and trouble, the hygienic song, merry jest, and boisterous laugh ever sounded among them. Time floated gaily along with fair and pleasant breezes. In twenty-four days we entered the straits of Gibraltar, and anchored under the high, bold, and invulnerable rock, with its countless buildings, frowning from the numerous embasements and port holes.

We had scarce anchored, when our Consul came along side, and handed us orders from the Commodore, to join him, without an hour's delay, in Smyrna. "All hands up anchor!" soon knocked all on-shore-going anticipations into a cocked hat, and in one hour from our anchoring we had rounded Europe Point. The wind blew strong from the north and east, bringing into action the finest qualities of the swift Eagle; in four days we made the bold promontory of Cape Matapan, and the high land of the Morea; Greece, venerable Greece was in sight—my head filled with Leonidas, Socrates, Themistocles, and the eloquent Demosthenes—I gazed upon the high land of Greece, and almost imagined the fleecy clouds that moved slowly over the surface of the mountains, were the martial myriads of Xerxes approaching the pass of Thermopylae.

But a midshipman's brain is generally so unsettled in its fancy, he dwells but a moment on objects surrounding him—a light touch of imagination—and catching up some other object, he glances over it, pleased and appreciating, but not with the attentive scrutiny of a connoisseur, bringing every circumstance and beauty into light. The entrance to the Archipelago is exceedingly interesting—each eye the location of some classic association—keeping alive the feeling of interest constantly awakened in a Mediterranean cruise. We passed between Cerigo and the main land, making a direct course for Milo, as our Captain intended to obtain a pilot from there, which we did at noon without entering the harbor. Our course was now, among the numerous islands, for Smyrna—land in sight both day and night. At 8 P. M. on the day of obtaining our pilot, we were becalmed. The wind for twenty hours had been variable, accompanied by rain and occasional squalls. The calm was an ominous one, and the barometer gave indication of ugly times—our pilot became uneasy—a quivering light, like a slight aurora borealis, flashed dimly in the northern heavens, and heavy, dull clouds darkened the sky. All hands were called; the topsails close reefed, royal and top-gallant yards sent on deck, and top-gallant masts hoisted (or struck)—Our master had carefully watched with the azimuth compass the bearing of each point of land, till darkness was ruled all objects.

The land lay to the southward—the west point of Paros bore S. W.—the east point of Naxos E. S. E., with a northerly wind. We had a lee shore, but with daylight could make with safety the passage between Naxos and Paros. At night 'twas impossible.

So clustering are the islands in the Archipelago, navigation, in the most favorable weather is, at night, perplexing; and many fine vessels have been lost, by mistaking the different islands and steering a wrong course. The dark clouds began to lift and break asunder to the northward, presenting a wild, frightful appearance—a diurnal scene of giant forms battling in the heavens. The lightning flashed, and the rumbling thunder roared over the sea, shaking earth to its centre—showing feeble man the insignificance of earth's excitement when heaven opens its terrific voice.

Sail was reduced to close reefed fore and main topsails, fore storm staysail and main spencer. The courses were close reefed and furled, for we knew not how soon a "lee shore" would call for a heavy press of canvas. The blast came, to "bear up" was impossible; we must hold our own, for every foot to windward was safety. The gallant frigate must stand the brunt—and nobly did she act her part—watched by experienced eyes, her helm in the hands of iron-nerved quartermasters, who had braved the billows in their most terrible moods.

On crested the brave Eagle, rushing through the foam of water, the brave howling amid the rustled cordage, singing a thousand storm songs, and heaving up the bosom of the sea in violent contortions of its surface. Our only chance of safety was to keep sail on her, and hold our own during the night; at dawn we could see to "make a lee," or run for Milo, if necessary. Such was the determination of our captain—the pilot he did not consult, or interrupt in his pathetic appeals to the Virgin Mary, for the moment the gale came on, he fled to the ward-room, and continued on his knees 'till killed out of the way by the signal quartermaster, who went below, with hands, to attend the "dying tacksles." The stout Eagle battled nobly with the storm, bending gracefully over, acknowledging the power of infuriated Boreas, and rose again with each high wave, casting off the spray, or trembling with the dangerous ablation of the Archipelago sea. The master hove the log and watched the drift with anxious attention, overhauling the chart every few moments with the captain. After running three hours and a half on this tack, the order was given to see everything ready for "tacking ship." All below was secured, and on deck the crew were at their stations, waiting for the voice of command.—Our critical situation was well known; promptness and precision were necessary in the evolution, that we might lose as little ground as possible. "Ware ship," said the captain, in a calm tone; the order was echoed in clarion tones from the trumpet of our first lieutenant and passed forward.

Scarce had the order been repeated, when the fore-topsail was blown into a thousand shreds, with a sharp flapping wind of a second's duration. "Mind your weather helm, quartermaster," sang out the first lieutenant, "mind weather helm" was repeated by the dead, resolute toned voice of the helmsman. The main spencer was brail'd up, weather braces man'd, the helm put up, but for once the Eagle disobeyed her rudder. Tell the officer of the forecastle to "goosewing the foremast, sir," said the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen. A stout lashing was pass'd round the bunt of the foremast, weather gaskets and clew garnet let go and the tack hauled aboard. The main topsail clew lines, and buntling, were also man'd to take in the clew, if the goose-wing of the foremast should not have the desired effect, viz: to throw all the winds power forward of the centre of motion and make her pay off, but no sooner did the blast catch the clew of the foremast, than the Eagle acknowledged its influence and flew off from the wind, increasing her velocity—as the wind grew aft—before the wind, the yards were squared, foremast furled, foremast-

staysail hauled down, back stays well set up, helm eased down, rolling and pitching in the trough of the seas, the bulkheads groaning as if in mighty pain, she came slowly to rest on the starboard tack, the main spencer was set, topsail braced up, wind abate, the forecastle at rim-stay hoisted. All was made snug on this tack, gallantly behaved the Eagle in snuffing the evolution, which is but imperfectly related. The gale continued with undiminished fury, but on this tack, we would, 'twas hoped, be enabled to clear the western point of the Island—still 'twas doubtful—nothing but the weatherly qualities of the Eagle would save us. To bend a new fore-topsail was an utter impossibility—the fury of the blast would not permit us to an unknown fate we were dashing over the agitated waters, hope beaming through the gloom of uncertainty, for we had every confidence in our commander and the qualities of the Eagle, though she labored over mountain waves that seemed exerting their powers to destroy. Now we rose high as if to pierce the dark masses of clouds above and then sank low in the hollow of the sea, the spray breaking wildly over us.

Ah, those who see a ship riding calmly on the bosom of some untroubled bay or tranquil river, when the mariner rests from the toils and vicissitudes of an ocean life, may imagine the sailors career one bright halcyon day, devoid of the ills and misfortune shore-going mortals are heir to. But place them on the deck of a ship in uncertain navigation—no star to point out their danger—no beacon light to warn of perils near—but the mighty winds howling over, and agitating to a dread and fearful height, the ocean billows—dark clouds frowning—the thunders of heaven's artillery pealing—while every crested wave washes over the struggling craft—how soon would all his romance flee before the stern reality of this wild and reckless life.

Anxiously waited the weary crew of the Eagle for morning's dawn, then they would see their position and be enabled to handle with more confidence the frigate. Calm and obedient all stood to their stations, the effect of excellent discipline. Morning dawned, the scene was wild and terrible. We had drifted more than was anticipated, and to weather the dangerous point was our only chance of safety.

Set the courses, said our Commander, and though it seemed madness itself and next to an impossibility for the frigate to stand up under the canvas, the courses were set to claw clear of danger, she leaned over to the tempest, trembling in every joint, now mounting a wave, and then madly dashing down, bowprit under as if diving to the bottom. We were very near the point, breakers make out on a shoal for some distance, and the sea over them was frightful. Sail, O! sang out a dozen voices. There on our lee beam was a small brig, struggling with the waves, her topsails gone and main-yard; a fore and main storm stay-sail was all the canvas she could show; poor craft, her doom was sealed, no aid could relieve her. And though we were not safe, still our own situation was forgotten in sympathy for the poor brig. She was amid the breakers, a huge sea carried her high on its top, tossed her like a cork on the cauldron of breakers that engulfed the unfortunate brig; she was seen no more. Our trial came. We struck the agitated waves, dashed over a bed of foam, a mountain wave lifted us on its summit. I closed my eyes. Home, parents, Mary Gray, my prayers, all flashed through my mind. There was a loud crash and wild cry. I gazed with a shudder. We had passed the danger. Our fore- and fore-sail flying with wind, (in tatters) A sea had boarded us in the waist, lodged in the fore-sail, sweeping all before it; but we were under a lee, from the shoal, comparatively smooth—hauling up under the Island of Paros, and hove to till the gale broke. Our escape in passing calm was miraculous indeed; had the sea been calm we could not have passed over the same spot; 'twas a narrow shoal, and one huge sea, in mercy, lifted us clear of destruction.

In a few days we anchored in the beautiful bay of Smyrna.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, for May. We have received this well conducted and highly instructive periodical, and shall draw from its statistics hereafter. We cannot however endorse the correction of the assumed error of the Commissioner of Patents, in the article upon WHEAT. If the Commissioner of Patents reckoned only an allowance of grain for each individual of the 20,000,000 composing our population, and omitted to calculate fodder for their horses, [supposing each man, wife and child in the country to have had one] it may have been because he considered the portion estimated for infants, convicts, insane persons, paupers, and the sick, who compose over one half of the community and who could not eat their allowance if they possessed it, as sufficient fodder for all the horses and asses, mules, alpacas, lamas and goats on the Western Continent, throwing in prairie grass, pusscocks, oats, and other magnificent pickings too numerous to particularize.

THE CLASSICS.

Since our neighbors have laid aside the heavy armor and battle-axe,